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THE WORLD THIS WEEK

By ROBERT PATTERSON

Japan Borrows a Slogan

Under the new standard of a "Monroe Doctrine for the Far East," Japan today is energetically embarking upon her southward march of conquest into French Indo-China and warning all other powers to keep hands off the Dutch East Indies. Nippon's political strategists were astute in borrowing the words, "Monroe Doctrine," a policy the United States emphatically supports in this hemisphere. But between words and deeds there is a vast gulf. America's Monroe Doctrine has never for a moment challenged the right of any nation to trade freely and extensively in this hemisphere. If Japan's "Monroe Doctrine" were equally liberal in principle, this nation would have no cause for concern. In this world there are resources and trade enough for all. But there will be no peace until all nations realize none has a right, or heaven-sent destiny, to seize for itself the lion's share.

Science Brings Tropics Here

Within one year's time, according to authoritative sources last week, the United States may be able to make for its own purposes all the rubber it needs. This optimistic forecast, if borne out, would be rare good news. This plastic, hitherto yielded only by the forests of tropical lands, plays so vital a role among our national defense needs that, were it unobtainable, our defense program would be solidly log-jammed. Nearly all the millions of pounds of rubber used yearly in the United States come from the Dutch and British East Indies—a prime cause of this country's concern over Japan's threats to take those island possessions under her "protection." But the labors of American scientists have been making notable progress in developing a synthetic rubber. If they bear fruit within the coming year and make America self-sufficient in this product, they will put an end to long-held fears that war might cut off this nation from its source of supply in the far Pacific and dangerously cripple the armament program.

Recruits and Results

The results of the army's recruiting drive are putting the southern states on the honor roll. But in nearly all the rest of the country it's an entirely different story. In the ninth corps area, which includes California and seven other western states, approximately only half the quota of enlistments assigned this region had been filled up to last week. Between May 16 and June 16, 596 men enlisted. The quota was set at 1099. The quota for July and August calls for a total of 3040 more enlistments. Moreover, Congress has recently passed legislation calling for further new increases, directing that the nation's armed forces be raised to 375,000 at once. This means the ninth corps area will have to recruit an additional 7600 men at the earliest possible moment, or a total of 11,739 for the eight western states.

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FRANK SCHOLZ PASSES IN SAN FRANCISCO

Frank B. Scholz, well known to older residents of Campbell, passed away in San Francisco Monday, July 1. He was 52 years of age and a native of the Hawaiian Islands.

Funeral services will be held in San Francisco from the Halstead parlors in 1123 Sutter street, Friday, July 5, at 2:30 p. m. Inurnment will take place at Cypress Lawn. The pastor of the First Methodist church of San Francisco will conduct the rites.

Scholz was a resident of Campbell for many years, and attended the elementary school here. He was a cheery, fun loving young man and very popular with his companions. He was a member of the local band at that time.

He left for San Francisco in 1905 and engaged in printing, photolithography and the engraving business. He was at one time a partner in the Peterson and Scholz sheet music printing firm. He passed away while working at his desk in the engraving office.

He is survived by his wife Florence E. Scholz; brothers, Paul of San Francisco, Robert of Campbell, Herbert of Birmingham, Ala., Carl of New York; and sisters, Anna Scholz of Campbell, Mrs. V. Straub of Honolulu, Mrs. L. W. Hutchins of San Jose, and Mrs. A. E. Brydon of Campbell. Another brother, Oswald, passed away several years ago in Fresno.

The Campbell Union high school board met Monday noon and organized for the new fiscal years, electing Dr. Frank R. Anderson, president, and re-electing Mrs. Jessie A. Shelley as clerk. Other members of the board are Ray B. Bishop, Joseph A. Conner and John Blaine. The next meeting will be on Monday night,, July 8, at the school.

Born: To Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Anderson of Campbell, a son, William Earl, at O'Connor sanitarium, June 26.

Robert Brydon and Jacqueline Rohan have applied for a marriage license and will be married on Sunday, July 14 at the A. E. Brydon home in Campbell avenue.

House guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph H. Hyde and other relatives are an uncle, R. C. Hanlon, his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Linholm of Galva, Ill., and his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hanlon of Woodhull, Ill. They arrived Sunday evening and will spend two or three weeks visiting and sight seeing.

Will C. Cutting and daughter, Mrs. Verna Lusher, who had been travelling through Minnesota and visited Yellowstone park were due to arrive home July 3.

LOOK BEHIND YOU, SAM!

Miss Elsie Merrill Becomes Bride of George Robinson

At a late afternoon ceremony in the beautiful gardens of the Fig Tree Inn, Miss Elsie Harriet Merrill, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Merrill of Campbell, on June 29 became the bride of George Wilbur Robinson of Merced.

Before an improvised altar of pale pink hydrangeas, the Rev. William H. Lloyd, a friend of the bride's late grandfather, read the marriage rites.

The bride, entering the garden on the arm of her father, was lovely in a gown of embroidered white organdy. She carried a bouquet of white sweet peas and blue forget-me-nots.

Miss Helen Stray, lifelong friend of the bride, was bridesmaid. She wore a gown of blue embroidered net and carried an arm bouquet of Transvaal daises and gladioli.

George S. Ritchey of Merced attended the groom as best man.

Following the ceremony, a reception was held on the brick terrace of the garden.

The bride belongs to early pioneer families of Campbell, her grandparents having been the late Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Janes and the late Mr. and Mrs. Alexander P. Merrill. She is a graduate of the University of California and has been a member of the faculty of the San Ramon Valley Union high school at Danville.

Mr. Robinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Robinson of Merced and grandson of Merced county pioneers, is also a graduate of the University of California. He received his degree from the Boalt School of Law and is now a practicing attorney in Mariposa and Merced.

The newlyweds motored away for their honeymoon, planning to visit Yellowstone park and points in Canada.

Mrs. J. W. Knowles spent Friday and Saturday of last week in San Francisco.

Kiwanians Hear Humorous Talk Tuesday Noon

Local Kiwanians were practically "rolling in the aisles" (show business for a highly amused audience) Tuesday, when they heard Oliver Woolridge, division manager of the Union Oil company give a talk he titled "Smiles." A native of the Ozark region, and an excellent story teller, Woolridge's talk consisted of yarns about his relatives and neighbors in the mountain country, and anecdotes of his own youth there. He proved to be a highly successful entertainer. Ray Mathis was chairman.

Axel Granstrom provided the musical part of the program with several selections on the ocarino (musical potato).

This week Campbell clubmen made up attendance in nine assorted cities in the United States: Detroit, New Orleans, Rome (Ga.), Pasadena, San Francisco, San Jose, Glendale, Los Gatos, Independence (Kansas). Tomorrow Ira Abbott will lunch with Kiwanians in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Next week the speaker will be Kiwanis Lieutenant-Governor Ernest Crook, who will report on the International convention held recently at Minneapolis. President Hal Morton will preside.

Arlene Murdock and Lois Bachman entertained members of their newly organized bridge club Thursday night at the Bachman home in Everett street. Present to enjoy the evening of bridge and refreshments with the hostesses were Margaret Keesling, Betty Keesling, Albert Lantz Donning, Evelyn Benson, Veva Nicholls, Betty Mumma McDonald.

Miss Marild Powell, former resident of Campbell, now teaching in Vallejo, is staying at the T. A. Robinson home, South Second street, while attending the summer session at San Jose State college.

Rebekahs Insatll Officers Here Tuesday Night

Edith Dean, district deputy president, and staff, of Cupertino, installed the new officers of Ada Rebekah lodge Tuesday evening in Odd Fellows hall, in a very impressive ceremony. The officers of the installing staff were dressed in dusty rose and the eight escorts were dressed in gowns of blue and carried stalks of dusty rose gladiola, which they made into a bouquet at the completion of the installation and presented to the new noble grand, Josephine Keesaman.

New officers are Lottie Rice, past noble grand; Josephine Keesaman, noble grand; Edith Morely, vice grand; Josephine Gray, recording secretary; Hazel Leary, financial secretary; Thelma Hansen, treasurer; Etta Eddlemon, chaplain; Arlene Murdock, warden; Carrie Silver, conductor; Edith Soutar, inside guardian; Margaret Dreisback, outside guardian; Helen Payne, right altar supporter; Helen Rice, left altar supporter; Grace Gardner, R. S. N. G.; Zadie Rice, L. S. N. G.; Anna Bachman, R. S. V. G.; Ellen Arnold, L. S. V. G. Trustees elected were Anna Bachman, chairman; Viola Klassen, Sarah Byrnes.

Edith Morley presented the past noble grand with the pin of that office, and Carrie Silver presented her with a gift from the drill team and officers of the lodge. Josephine Gray presented the district deputy president a

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"Big Boy" Station Wrecked Again

They cannot escape: the Big Boy grocery store, operated by Mrs. Mary Turturici near the junction of San Jose-Los Gatos and San Tomas roads was the victim of an "auto attack" just before midnight Friday.

As a result a 5x7 foot plate glass window was broken, an old sedan was damaged, and its occupants went to jail to await trial.

Constable Harry Evans held the men until highway patrolmen appeared on the scene. He said the men were from Oklahoma and had neither insurance nor brakes.

Otis Box was charged with drunken driving and W. E. Sikes of being drunk in a public place.

Mrs. Turturici said that this was the first time the new store had been invaded. It had been built further back from the highway after the service station had suffered defeat in seven or eight encounters.

Mrs. Eulah Hook Clark and son, Allan, South Second street, are spending two weeks with her sisters. Mrs. W. A. Bundy and Mrs. Raymond H. Saylor in Stockton. Mrs. Hook is having a tonsilotomy while there.

SERVICES FOR HENRY SHADLE WEDNESDAY

Funeral services were held from the Rutherford Funeral Home in Campbell on Wednesday at 2:30 p. m. for Henry Shadle, who passed away at the home of his son, Herbert M. Shadle in Alice avenue, Monday, July 1. He would have been 86 on the 18th of this month. The Rev. Robert L. McHatton of Fruitvale, an old friend and coworker in the early days, was in charge of the service. Burial was in the beautiful Saratoga cemetery, by his wife's side.

Pall bearers were old friends: Ralph Husted, Allen Rice, Isa McIntyre and Earl Melone of Saratoga, George Husted of Campbell and his nephew, Ralph Shadle of San Francisco.

He leaves his son, Herbert M. Shadle of Campbell, two grandsons ,Martin of Campbell, and Leonard Shadle of Willow Glen, a niece, Blanche L. Shadle of Sacramento, and a nephew, Ralph E. Shadle of San Francisco. He was the last of his immediate family but there are other relatives in the east.

It is interesting to know that he had three brothers and three brothers-in-law in the Union army fighting to preserve the government laid down by the founding fathers.

Henry Shadle was born in Rapid City, Illionois, on July 18, 1854. His early life was spent near the Mississippi river and he enjoyed recounting his experiences as a swimmer and fisherman. His desire to be a preacher early manifested itself as he would use his playmates for the audience and harangue them

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Country Woman's Club In Resolution

Whereas, Lydia M. Whitman has been called to her eternal home, and so has left her fellow members of the Country Woman's club bereft of a dear friend:

Be It Resolved: That the club wishes to express its sorrow in the loss of a past president and well-loved and highly respected member; and

Be It Further Resolved that the club desires the relatives and friends to know that her inspiration and leadership in its affairs will remain as one of the lasting memories of the club; and

Be It Finally Resolved, that this expression of loss be included in the records of the club and a copy sent to her family.

Campbell, California,
June 28, 1940.

Mrs. W. R. Morgan
Mrs. R. H. Hyde
Mrs. H. C. Smith

Mrs. Mabel Thompson and Miss Ruby Crow are registered at Casa Del Ray in Santa Cruz for a weeks vacation.

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WHERE HONOR IS DUE

When the San Francisco-Oakland bridge opened, the fare was 65 cents. A year later, the motorist paid 50 cents. This week, with the last of a series of reductions in effect, the toll per car is but 25 cents! Each of those cuts has resulted both in increased public use of a major California highway link and in increased bridge receipts. The logic of public benefit in cheaper tolls seems so plain that one wonders why it was ever seriously disputed .

Yet that logic was disputed—most vehemently—when George J. Hatfield, father of the movement to lower the high toll barrier, began the fight. As Lieutenant-Governor and a member of the State Toll Bridge Authority, not only did he attack high bay bridge tolls as an imposition on motorists and a bottle-neck to traffic, but he introduced the original bill to acquire the Carquinez bridge as public property, to retire its cost quickly, and lower the tolls to the public.

Hatfield's contention — condemned by some politicos as impracticable then—was that minimum tolls would step up traffic, swell bridge income, and benefit the whole state. Probably the satisfaction of having been right in his long struggle to lower traffic barriers in his native state is ample reward to George Hatfield, over on his San Joaquin valley ranch. But millions of California motorists and businessmen who recall his unremitting efforts will gratefully accord him the honor that is his due.

* * *

BACK TO WORK!

Even though the re-armament drive has just begun to roll, the call for workers wanted has already succeeded in thinning the ranks of the nation's unemployed by one million persons.

So reports the Department of Labor.

And from California's Department of Industrial Relations comes corroborating evidence of a like ground swell in this state. In May, the number of employed and the size of payrolls reached an all-time high in state history, with a gain in workers over last May of 16.1 per cent and a boost in payrolls of 19.6 per cent.

The back to work drive is beginning to take hold in earnest!

* * *

BALM FOR HAY FEVER

If you're allergic, the chances are that you are more intelligent than the average man! This bit of solace to asthma and hay fever sufferers comes from nine years' research at the University of Michigan which found that a remarkably large number of honor students suffered from these and other allergies. The proportion has remained so constant through the years that there was only one conclusion—there is a definite relationship between a higher degree of intelligence and an allergic condition.

Researchers explain it by advancing the theory that a person who inherits the tendency to be allergic also has hypersensitive brain cells.

Admittedly, this is no cure. But between sneezes this summer, it should bring some balm to the souls of hay fever sufferers—we hope!

ROY BROWN GOES TO TOWN

Reflecting honor upon the newspaper world of California is the distinction given by the nation's press last week to Roy A. Brown, publisher of the San Rafael Independent, when he was elected president of the National Editorial Association at its 55th annual convention in New York. The office was well bestowed.

Activities as former president of the California Newspaper Publishers' association and as publisher for 15 years of the Sanger Herald before going to San Rafael, have proven Roy Brown a highly capable member of the newspaper fraternity of his state. The personal honor is his, but the national organization's sound choice for leader is a bow to all California. For when Roy Brown went to the big town, the prestige of California journalism went with him.

* * *

THE SCHOOLS SHOW THE WAY

In the heaviest spending decade in the history of this state or any state, California's schools have compiled a record for economy that stands out in black ink against the red-ink sea of lavish governmental spending. Completing an exhaustive study of school costs from 1929, the California Teachers' association reported this week through Roy W. Cloud, executive secretary:

Costs per high school student: 1929, $238.01; 1939, $203.06. Per junior college student: 1929, $286.69; 1939, $218.73. Only in per-pupil costs of elementary schools was there a minor rise—from $118.06 in 1929 to $122.87 in 1939—due largely to the minimum salary law for teachers, which sets the lowest yearly salary at $1320.

"These figures," Cloud stated, "reveal how carefully California administrators, trustees, teachers and school people generally have worked hand in hand to keep costs at a minimum without impairing efficiency."

In the minds of California taxpayers, however, those figures will go far beyond their direct application to the school system. If our schools, the nation's finest, have been able to "keep costs at a minimum without impairing efficiency," with enrollment constantly rising, what plausible reason may be advanced by bureaucratic spenders for having found it "necessary" to double and then triple the state's tax bill for other departments, piling on new levies and new deficits by hundreds of millions?

The schools have set an example of economy sorely needed in these days when every taxpayer prepares to give till it hurts toward national defense. However hard the pinch on his purse, no patriotic citizen favors stinting the education of children, nor stinting the urgently needed rearmament. Yet taxpayers are in no mood to countenance further waste of public money on non-essentials. Economy will be observed—or enforced. And economy can be observed. The schools have shown a way.

* * *

LIZZIE WAS FOOLING

There was no ill omen in the death of Lizzie, America's oldest living elephant, at the Philadelphia Zoo on the opening day of the Republican convention. The G. O. P. staged its liveliest convention in decades. Lizzie, observers are convinced, was no elephant. She was the preverbial phoenix!

The FARMERS CORNER

by RALPH H. TAYLOR
Executive Secretary
Agricultural Council
of California

The California National guard, with Adjutant General Richard E. Mittelstaedt back at his old post, directing the vital work of organization, is rapidly being strengthened and streamlined. In every other state in the United States, national guard troops are getting intensive training and new equipment.

America's "home guard" is girding for defense, just as the army and navy and the flying corps are making ready in the nation's big preparedness program.

From the military standpoint, there is every indication that the United States is fully aroused. The stunning successes of Hitler's legions have sounded an alarm heard in every corner of the nation.

But what of America's other "home guard" — its rank and file voting citizenry; the men and women who must, by their votes and mandates, prove themselves worthy of the liberties for which their fighting men are willing to fight and lay down their lives, if that be required of them?

The strongest link in democracy's chain — or the weakest, as the case may be —is the moral fiber of its people. The sentries guarding the most important unit in the nation's defense system are the voters who must determine policies and principles, and select presidents and governors, legislators and supervisors, city councilmen and town hall fathers.

There's little of the spectacular about being a conscientious, thoughtful, intelligent, loyal citizen. There are no ribbons given out for loyal defense of America at the ballot box. But there is no job quite so vital to the welfare of the country. The fate of democracy and the future of the United States for generations to come may well depend upon the votes which American voters cast this year and in the years just ahead; on the acts of public officials not yet selected; on the measures taken by legislators and congressmen not yet chosen.

The desperate need for an awakened, crusading citizenry is evidenced on every hand. Old Marshal Petain's pitiful ejplanation of the calamity that overwhelmed his beloved France should serve as a signal warning to the people of the United States. "Since the World War," he said, "the spirit of pleasure has prevailed over the spirit of sacrifice. The people have demanded more than they have given. They wanted to spare themselves effort. Today, misfortune has come!"

In California, and in the United States, there has been a similar disposition to take life easier; to let the government provide; to dissipate our resources in buying benefits we haven't earned. And in Congress, at least, some of that spirit still prevails. Just a few days ago, the Senate defeated the economy amendment proposed by Senator Byrd which would have reduced all government ex-

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POLITICAL PARADE

By CLEM WHITAKER

Nobody wanted him but the people!

That, in six simple words, is the amazing, stimulating story of Wendell Willkie—the Republican nominee for President of United States.

It is a story in the best American tradition, for it proves, once again, that in a democracy the people are still the king-makers.

It proves that miracles can still happen; that a man can still triumph over obstacles.

And millions of American citizens of all political faiths and opinions — including many who were pledged to other candidates—thrilled to Wendell Willkie's nomination at the Republican party's big national convention.

Democrats, as well as Republicans, should welcome big, lumbering, able Wendell Willkie into the fray, for his nomination bespeaks a healthy democracy. It foreshadows the return of the two-party system to American politics after eight years in which the Republican party has been badly in eclipse.

Whether you like him, or don't like him, Wendell Willkie is a natural-born leader; he is a forthright American who has had a brilliant success in business—and who still believes in the system of private enterprise. He will make a worthy antagonist for those who differ with him!

Competition is not only the life of trade; it is the life-blood of a democracy.

And in light of developments at the Republican convention, America is still a sturdy fighting democracy—and The Great Game of Politics is still highly competitive.

What the G. O. P. keynoters said about the New Deal and the Democratic party would make even a donkey's ears stand on end in anticipation of coming events.

Democratic chieftains will pay off in kind, of course, when their big Chicago convention gets going on July 15 and the boys will then be off to the races.

The most significant aspect of the Republican conclave, however, was the fact that the convention gave every evidence that the party has been "born again"—and has recaptured a large measure of its old aggressiveness.

CALIFORNIA SPEAKS!

Significant Statements By Interesting Californians

JOHN BARRYMORE—"The way to fight a woman is with your hat. Grab it and run!"

PROF. JAN O. M. BROEK Univ. of Calif.—"California's future is not in heavy industry but in light, diversified, decentralized industries taking advantage of our cheap electric power."

WARREN MULLIN, director Nat'l Council for Prevention of War, in Mills college address—"With France making military alliances, England making economic alliances, and America existing in abysmal ignorance, what chance had peace?"

PATROLMAN WILKES, Berkeley police dog trainer —"Trained Doberman pinschers are the finest policemen in the world. They're always on the job, are afraid of nothing, are as smart as most men, and more loyal than most."

GEN. DAVID BARROWS, addressing Commonwealth club of S. F.—"The great privilege of not arming ourselves is gone. Of necessity we will become a military nation, with every youth enrolled in military service."

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IRISH EYES

by

Kathleen Norris

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(Continued from last week)

There was a long pause. Sheila knew that she ought to go, now. But her limbs refused to obey the languid impulse of her mind. She ought to go—she ought to go—

But that would end it. When she went now, she never would see him again. The black thick hair, and the dark-blue of the shaven jaw, and the little half-smile he so often gave her, and the ways in which he was so old and so wise—and the ways in which he was so young and so simple—all gone out of her life, when she walked out of this house.

"I remember the night you first called here, you—you were all gotten up as a beggar," Frank recalled. "I came into the hall and asked Mamie who had let the rag-bag in. And she said that Gertrude—by the way, where is that purse?"

"Most of the money, luckily, I left with Mamma," Sheila explained. "But the purse I lost. I had it up in the farmhouse in Connecticut, I remember, because my make-up was in it, and I powdered my nose there—I remember that. But then—in all the excitement of getting away, and the queerness of it all, I dropped it, somewhere. And I lost my blue hat the day of the smash."

"Well, I think I owe you a hat," Frank said.

"Oh, no, you don't! This one," Sheila told him, "cost me ninety-eight cents. It was in a window. They had every hat with the two copper cents lying next to it."

"The two copper cents?"

"Lying next to it. Your change from a dollar," she explained.

"Ah—?"

Sheila stood up, smiling a good-by. Frank took her hand.

There was time for no more. Sudden footsteps sounded in the hall, and with tremendous uproar, Peter McCann was in the room.

"Frank!" he shouted.

He stopped short at the sight of Sheila.

"Hello, Sheila," he said.

"Hello! Sheila responded, simply.

They stood looking at each other a moment, then Peter, with a return of excitement, turned toward his brother. "Frank, d'you know what's happened? Gee, I'm glad Sheila's here for this!"

"What's the matter?"

"They've found the farmhouse! They found the place those fellows took us, Sheila!"

"They've found the farmhouse!" Sheila exclaimed. "Oh, Peter!"

"'Member you drew a plan of the rooms for the police? Well, listen, they want to see you again, and check up on that plan, and they found your purse, and everything! Listen, Frank, two school teachers or artists or something from Boston have that place, and they went up there for school vacation, see?—and they found signs of bootleggers—and everything—"

"Who said so?" Frank interrupted, almost as much excited as his brother.

"The police. This country cop came all the way down to identify the purse. They telephoned here, a couple of hours ago; you were asleep, and everyone else was out, and I beat it right over to see him. Well, there was your blue purse all right, with Gert's initials and our address on it, Sheila."

"And they found the place wrecked?"

"They say the fellows must have stopped using it right after they took us up there."

"This is interesting!" Frank said.

"Frank, they'd like to ask Sheila some questions. Could she and I go over there now?"

"Hang it," Frank said, "you ought to have someone, Pop or me, with you!"

"We don't need anyone!"

"How much—" There was rising excitement in Frank's voice. "How much'd I have to walk, Pete, if I went with you?"

"Oh, Frank, you oughtn't!" Sheila protested.

"Shucks, it can't hurt me!"

"You wouldn't have to walk a step, Frank. We can get a taxi.

"I'd like to go. I'd know what they were after."

"It wouldn't hurt you a bit."

"I don't believe it would," Frank said slowly.

"Aw, come on, Frank! Come on. All they want is to ask Sheila a few questions."

"It wouldn't take us fifteen minutes—" the invalid mused, tempted.

"You were out yesterday," Peter urged. "You managed that all right."

"I know. What harm can it do?" Frank exclaimed, throwing hesitation to the winds. "Get me my coat, Pete."

He hobbled to the head of the stairs, managed them easily; Sheila fearfully fluttering ahead, with his stick and his hat, and Peter accompanying him anxiously and warningly. They reached the lower hall, moving slowly but steadily to the front door.

"I'm all right. I feel fine!" Frank said.

The taxi was waiting; they could see it as they reached the top of the brownstone steps. Sheila took the stick again; Peter again caught a firm hold of his brother's arm.

They had gained the sidewalk when a limousine drew up ahead of the taxi, and three women and a stout, gray-headed man got out. The man was Judge Paul Mc Cann; one of the ladies was his wife.

The other two were Gertrude Keane and Bernadette Kennedy.

Peter, Frank and Sheila stood rooted to the pavement, the recent arrivals stood stricken, too, gazing at them, at the taxi, back at them again.

"Well, you have both the boys now, haven't you?" Bernadette Kennedy finally said sweetly.

"I never told you and Angela exactly what happened, Ma," Sheila said.

She had washed her bright coppery hair, and as it tumbled in rings and fishtails on her neck, the spring sunshine struck dazzling lights from it. A towel was spread across her shoulders, and belted trimly about the curves of her young body was an old blue cotton kimono.

The three women of the Carscadden family were in the sunroom of their new home. It was the corner house of a commonplace block of two-story, two-flat buildings that stretched in every direction across the gently rolling levels of what had recently been a dump for the greatest of all the cities. On top of the dump real-estate developments had been started; every corner bore signs advertising the merits of this "five-room home" or that. The downstairs apartments were all alike; all had five rooms, one bath, and this delightful feature of a sun-porch; a square, bare, unimaginative twelve by seven feet of space at the front, glassed in from the street.

The streets were paved, but still showed patches of wet cement and protecting board-work here and there. There were handsome lamp-posts at the corners, but the globes had all been smashed. The names of the thorough-fares were posted: Trafalgar Way, Versailles Avenue, Rhododendron Court. There were a great many empty new stores with whitewash still smeared on their new, unwashed window-glass, and elms of the thickness of a child's finger were planted at regular intervals along the curbs.

Passengers for Oyster Bay or Southampton might have passed through this district with a shudder. It was a rawness, ugliness, cheapness; the barren, ashy earth cut into great gashes for sewers and pole holes; the cheap buildings of yellow brick, pink brick, stucco, exposed mercilessly to the light, without a protecting tree or the shadow of a hill, without gardens or the mellowness of lawns and stone fences to soften their nakedness.

Blocks of it, miles of it, and the Carscaddens' particular corner only one of a thousand corners. But to them it was no less than heaven.

As for their mother, she had been in a state of dignified outrage since Sheila's latest escapade, and had been reluctant to express enthusiasm about anything. But it was noted that her first act in the new home had been to gather her children about her: Sheila, Angela, Joe, Cecilia, Marg'ret and Marg'ret's Lew, Neely and his Lizzie, and, kneeling down, solemnly to recite some litanies that were to bring blessings upon the God-given increase, and solemnly to assure the listening saints that rather than have one mortal sin committed beneath this new roof, she would resign the new domain gladly and gratefully, and go back to the poverty and obscurity of the old days again.

And this ceremony had told her children more than any words of hers might have done, excactly what significance the adventure had for Ma. And Ma, for the first time, had a room to herself.

And Sheila had gotten a job.

CHAPTER XVI

Sheila's job was not much of a job, to be sure, nor was she to be needed until May first. But it was near; it was in the department store over under the elevated road, five blocks away, and she could walk to and fro, so that the fifteen a week was almost pure gain. Sheila was to sit near the main entrance in a sort of little pulpit, and tell arriving customers where everything in the store was to be found. A small, heavy brass triangle would stand near her hand, and printed on it would be "Miss Carscadden had been chosen because of her exceptional courtesy and efficiency. It will give her real pleasure to help you."

"The place is full of that sort of bunk, but who cares? I don't care what they think about me," Sheila had said, indulgently, upon reporting this fact. "I'm reformed, anyway," she had added. "I'm all for citizenship and helpful house spirit—I'm going in for character building, clean finger nails, and a low, rich voice."

"Ma—" Sheila had pleaded, and it was then that she had added, while she spread and tossed her blazing hair, "I never told you and Angela what really happened, Ma."

"An' God preserve me that you iver wud!" her mother said simply. "There's niver a breath of blame cud be said against ye, but we'll all be up in the Death Row itself if iver ye get another chance to do good to somebody, or get yourself out of somethin!"

"Now, on Palm Sunday afternoon," Sheila continued pleasantly, "what harm did it do me to drive to a police station with Peter and Judge Mc Cann, make a short statement and have Judge Mc Cann give me a dollar for my taxi home? I stayed in the taxi," Sheila added, in reminiscent tones, "until it said thirty cents, then I gave him a ten-cent tip, jumped into the subway, and made fifty-five cents on the judge!"

"It makes me nervous to have ye talk about thim Mc Canns, Sheila. I'd niver know what minute ye'd be in throuble again," her mother said.

"Peter and Gertrude Keane are getting married next fall, Ma; that's all the trouble amounted to there."

"Yes, an' what about the other poor feller?"

"You mean Frank?" Sheila asked dreamily. The name sounded like music on her lips. "I don't know—" she admitted slowly.

"Whin did ye see him?" the mother demanded suspiciously.

"Mother, I give you my word I haven't seen him since that Palm Sunday—nearly three weeks ago."

"Sheila Carscadden," Angela said instantly, when they were alone, "you had a wire this morning."

"I know it. But Ma only asked about seeing him."

"All right," Angela said, in displeasure, "if you want to lie."

"I didn't lie!"

"You practically did," Angela persisted.

Sheila's expression grew suddenly disarming and young.

"Listen, Angie. I was knocked completely in a heap when I got it. I—" she interrupted herself. "How'd you know it was from Frank Mc Cann?" she demanded.

"I didn't read it, if that's what you mean," Angela answered. "But the way you've been acting since it came—" she explained eloquently.

"I know—" Sheila murmured, looking away.

"You've been talking character for weeks now," the younger sister pursued. "You've been horribly quiet—we've all seen it. You've jumped whenever anyone spoke to you, and you've gone off into sort of dreamy states—"

"I know," Sheila admitted again, still staring into space with tranced eyes.

"And I knew it was Frank!" Angela concluded triumphantly.

The other girl spoke slowly:

"I've known all along that it was Frank."

"And in his wire—Sheila, do you think he likes you?" Angela demanded eagerly.

"Angela, I don't know. He only says, 'Coming to see you Sunday.'"

"Tomorrow?"

"I guess so."

"Sheila, what'll you do if Frank Mc Cann is just coming down here to tell you he's going to be married?" the younger sister asked after a silence.

"I thought of that."

"But after all, why should he?" Angela asked sensibly.

"It's just one of the things he would do," Sheila mused. "Well," she added, with spirit, "he'll not see me lose my nerve!"

"But will you feel—terribly, Sheila?" Angela asked timidly, after another pause.

Sheila brought her gaze back from far spaces.

"Oh, Angela, it will be very hard," she answered, simply.

It was not fifteen minutes later that Angela called.

"Sheila!"

"Woo-hoo!" Sheila returned, from the depths of the house.

"Mr. Mc Cann is here!" Angela shouted.

"Mr. Mc Cann what?" (There were hairpins in Sheila's mouth.)

"Mr. Mc Cann is here."

"Yes, he is!" Sheila said in a clearer tone. "Well, amuse him until I put on some lipstick. Dance and sing to him, dear, and give him a sweet kiss!" she added. And quite audibly she went on, "Ma, I'm mixed up with those Mc Cann boys again!"

"God forbid!" Mrs. Carscadden's voice said fervently.

"I really am, Ma."

"There's worse things than death, if the truth were known," the older woman observed solemnly.

"Sheila!" Angela called sharply. "Mr. Mc Cann really is here!"

(Continued next week)

Women at Work

In Japan women work as bus conductors and gasoline station attendants.

Folies, Flowers at the Fair

Pretty Eleanor (left) and lovely Virginia of the New Folies Bergere enjoy a frolic in the beflowered gardens on Treasure Island. Knee deep in blooms, the beauties make a striking picture at the Golden Gate International Exposition.

Mrs. Burdette Heath who had been visiting her daughter in Burbank for several weeks returned to Campbell Saturday, and this Saturday will leave for her home in Seattle. Mrs. Heath had spent the greater part of the winter here at the home of her brother William S. Smeed in North Second street.

Miss Gladys Merriman will entrain for Chicago Wednesday, where she will join her aunts, Mrs. May Guild and Miss Mabel Guild, who will travel with her to Boston. There they will meet Miss Dorothy Merriman, who went east several days ago by automobile, and tour the New England states.

CAMPBELL PENTECOSTAL MISSION
Assembly of God - IOOF Hall

Sunday, Bible school at 9:45 a. m. Morning worship at 11:00 a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m.
Strangers always welcome.
Z. P. Miller and wife, pastors.
Residence—36 Fourth street.

CAMP FIRE GIRLS

Members of the Tawasi Campfire group bicycled to the home of Jane Gerrans on Quito road for their last weekly meeting. They spent the afternoon playing ping-pong and darts and enjoyed a barbecue in the evening. Shirley Mohar was in charge of the barbecue assisted by Violet Burkhardt, Ernestine Fahler and Jean Wolff.

The next meeting will be a swimming party at the Roosevelt pool on Tuesday evening, July 9.

Crime in Japan

Japanese police statistics show that most crimes are committed by unemployed men.

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Statement of Condition

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS JUNE 29, 1940

Resources

Cash on Hand and in Banks	$ 72,697,592.95
U. S. Government Bonds and Notes	57,661,117.30
State, County and Municipal Bonds	31,401,321.33
Other Bonds and Securities	15,555,401.91
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank	570,000.00
Loans and Discounts	141,957,385.18
Bank Premises and Equipment	7,357,849.26
Other Real Estate	447,939.67
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit, Acceptances and Foreign Bills	5,162,027.56
Accrued Interest Receivable and Other Assets	1,602,043.99
Total Resources	$334,412,679.15

Liabilities

Deposits	$303,755,262.92
Letters of Credit, Acceptances and Foreign Bills	5,343,912.98
Reserve for Interest, Taxes, etc.	831,929.08
Capital Stock	
Preferred $7,500,000.00	
Held by more than 2000 stockholders	
Common $7,500,000.00	
Held by more than 4000 stockholders	
	15,000,000.00
Surplus	4,000,000.00
Undivided Profits	5,481,574.17
Total Liabilities	$334,412,679.15

Securities carried at $23,367,446.78 in the above statement are pledged to qualify for fiduciary powers, to secure public monies as required by law, and for other purposes.

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LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
No. 24299

Estate of Mary Wiesendanger, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the estate of Mary Wiesendanger, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court in and for Santa Clara County, State of California, within six (6) months after the first publication of this notice, or within said period to present the same, with necessary vouchers, to the said Administrator, with the Will annexed, at the law offices of Bohnett, Hill, Cottrell & Boccardo, Room 1114 Bank of America Building, in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, which said last named office is hereby specified by the undersigned as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

San Jose, Calif., this 19th day of June, A. D. 1940.

J. E. WIESENDANGER
Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the estate of Mary Wiesendanger, Deceased.
BOHNETT, HILL, COTTRELL & BOCCARDO,
1114 Bank of America Building,
San Jose, California,
Attorneys for said Administrator, with the Will annexed.
(June 20, 27; July 4, 11-'40

FOR SALE or Trade—cor. lot E. S. J. for property around Campbell. H.F.M., 411 E. Santa Clara, Apt. B, San Jose.
B, San Jose. 2tp

Farmer's Corner

(Continued from Page 2)

penditures, except in military categories, a flat 10 per cent so that the country could have ample funds for defense without over-taxing its people. But there is still little of the spirit of sacrifice in Congress, despite the fearful lessons overseas. Labor still strikes for bigger pay and shorter work hours, unmindful that this country can be prepared against disaster only by sweat and privation. Government leaders still demand that all of the luxuries of government be maintained even when the money is desperately needed for defense necessities. Relief pressure groups still clamor for bigger bounty; old age pension enthusiatsts still want "Twenty - Every-Thursday;" political bureaucrats still want millions for unneeded bureaus and departments.

California, at least, is fortunate in this—that its state legislature, during repeated special sessions, refused to vote new taxes and stuck with its demands for retrenchment. But California voters have a job to do now; they must back up the members of the legislative economy bloc at the polls this fall, regardless of party affiliations or other considerations. There are both Democrats and Republicans in the economy bloc that defended California's welfare, and the political hats they may happen to wear are of secondary importance. There are both Democrats and Republicans in California agriculture, too. But every California farmer, regardless of his party, wants a return to sanity and economy, so that he can escape tax confiscation of his property.

California, if it is to play its proper part in keeping America on an even keel, needs a great volunteer army for home defense—an army of voters, determined to keep America from getting "soft;" determined to make its government strong, the hard way, by sweat and sacrifice. And no draft can fill the ranks; that kind of army must come by voluntary enlistments!

Installation

(Continued from Page 1)

gift and the marshall of the installing officers was given a gift by Lillian Ohlen.

A service pin was given to Josephine Gray for meritorius services to the order by the grand sire. Mrs. Gray was one of three women in California to receive the pin. Charles Snyder, representative of the grand lodge, made the presentation.

Following the installation the 150 guests and members adjourned to the banquet room for refreshments. The room was appropriately decorated in the patriotic colors, red, white and blue, and the long tables were centered with bouquets of Shasta daisies and small American flags.

Among the distinguished guests present were Charles Snyder, past grand master and trustee of the orphans' home, and Margaret Fletcher, trustee of the orphans' home.

On the committee responsible for the success of the evening were Anna Bachman, chairman; Emma Bulmore, Margaret Wilson, Etta Eddlemon, Viola Klassen, Myrtle Scott, Effie Howe, Theresa Brydon, Edith Soutar, Walter Smily, Jack Murdock, Al Bulmore, Hans Hansen, Julius Bachman.

Mrs. Jack Murdock and family spent Friday, Saturday and Sunday in Santa Cruz. Mr. Murdock joined them Saturday.

Mrs. M. B. Jenkins left Saturday for a visit with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Gladding at El Granada, Half Moon Bay.

Ira Beal, Rincon avenue, and George Whipple, Union avenue, left Wednesday on a business trip to Tonopah, Nevada.

Henry Shadle

(Continued from Page 1)

at great length. Every kitten or dog that died in the neighborhood had a real burial service. He received the ordinary schooling of his time, taught school, and had a number of thrilling experiences with the children when caught in blizzards and heavy snow storms.

Later he graduated from Oskaloosa college in Iowa, getting his D. D. degree from the divinity school. Coming to California in 1881 his first pastorate was in Modesto. He met and married Meron Elmira Martin soon thereafter, who stood by his side during all of his active years. She passed away in 1920 and he made his home with his son, Herbert M. Shadle and daughter-in-law, Katherine Husted Shadle.

His active years were spent in pioneering the Christian church, sometimes known as the Disciples of Christ. He held pastorates at Saratoga, Sacramento, Watsonville and other places besides doing Evangelistic and Sunday school work. His name is linked with the early history of his church in the state. He was financial secretary of the church board for many years, and numbered his friends by the score.

Since coming to Campbell he has led a retired life and spent most of his time reading. His mind was very active and he enjoyed good literature until the very last.

Mrs. M. J. Palmer has her cousin, Mrs. Marcia Hall of San Francisco, a former resident of Campbell, as her guest in her Central avenue home for several weeks.

Cash 'Hop' Income

Farmers in the United States received a cash income of $5,000,000 from hops in an average year.

Aquaqueen

Esther Williams is the shapely queen of Billy Rose's Aquacade troupe on Treasure Island. She's starred with Johnny Weissmuller and Gertrude Ederle in the water carnival at the Golden Gate International Exposition.

Ski-Chairs for Students

In Estonia, where the jingling bells of sleighs make music all winter, children go to school on skis, and chairs are fastened to skis to carry the youngest.

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may affect the Heart

Gas trapped in the stomach or gullet may act like a hair-trigger on the heart. At the first sign of distress smart men and women depend on Bell-ans Tablets to set gas free. No laxative but made of the fastest-acting medicines known for acid indigestion. If the FIRST DOSE doesn't prove Bell-ans better, return bottle to us and receive DOUBLE Money Back. 25c.

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Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge No. 42 meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.

William Bachman, N. G.
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

MASONIC NOTICE

Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif. Stated Meetings held on the first Monday of each month.

George Hartwell, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

WOMEN IN YOUR "40s"
Read This Important Message!

Do you dread those "trying years" (38 to 52)? Are you getting moody, cranky and NERVOUS? Do you fear hot flashes, weakening dizzy spells? Are you jealous of attentions other women get? THEN LISTEN—

These symptoms often result from female functional disorders. So start *today* and take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For over 60 years Pinkham's Compound has helped hundreds of thousands of grateful women to go "smiling thru" difficult days. Pinkham's has helped calm unstrung nerves and lessen annoying female functional "irregularities." One of the *most effective* "woman's" tonics. *Try it!*

World This Week

(Continued from Page 1)

With the exception of the south, the record of the rest of the states is no worse, and no better, than that in the west. But in this there is small comfort for the army.

Escape From War

The thunderous beat of the war god's legions in Europe and Asia are turning thoughts on these still peaceful shores not only to matters of national security. They are turning thoughts as well to the freedom and pleasures and simple things in life that we have long enjoyed, nonchalantly assuming that they would continue unchanged forever. Whether it represents a temporary escape or not from the violent, murderous world abroad we don't profess to say, but there's easily detectable a new zest for the refuge to be found in such activities as planning for a new home, laying out a new garden, mapping plans for a vacation, and seeking entertainment in an eat, drink, and be merry spirit. It is hardly a coincidence that this year, when the European war seems rapidly speeding to its climax, the San Francisco Fair is handily outdistancing all attendance records of 1939. In the first 31 days of the Fair in 1939—which opened on Feb. 18—attendance was 200,000 less than during the first 31 days this year. Comparing the same calendar period—May 25 to June 24—finds the '40 Fair in the lead by 339,895 visitors. There is a reason. And it is war.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert R. Newcomb and daughter, Georgiana, of Union avenue, left Friday for Detroit, Mich. where they will buy a new car. They also plan to tour the New England states and visit relatives in New Jersey. The trip also includes visits in Washington, D. C., and Quebec.

The Rev. J. H. Bennett has returned from Oakland where he attended the School of Pacific Relations. This coming Sunday he will be away but services will be in charge of Dennis Bennett with special music.

WILLOW GLEN THEATRE
★ ★ ★
Wed., Thurs., July 3-4
William Powell, Carole Lombard
MY MAN GODFREY
Ellen Drew. Robert Page in
Women Without Names
2 Cartoons

Fri., Sat., July 5-6
Eleanor Powell, Fred Astaire in
Broadway Melody of '40
Charles Starret in
Two Fisted Stranger
Chapter 3, "Green Hornet"
2 Cartoons

Vic's Country Store every Thurs. Night
Matinees Daily except Mondays—1:45—Adults 20c

FIELD'S STORE
THURS., FRI. & SAT. SPECIALS

BISQUICK, large pkg.	28c
CLOROX, quart	12½c
Folger's Coffee, reg., drip, 1-lb.	24½c
Folger's Coffee, reg., drip, 2-lbs.	47c
N.B.C. Ritz Crackers, 1-lb. pkg.	23c
SHREDDED WHEAT, pkg.	9c
Kingsford Corn Starch	9c
Campfire Marshmallows, 1-lb. pkg., 2 for	35c
Johnson's Wax paste, 1-lb. 59c; 2-lbs.	98c
Standard Oil Fly Spray, pt. 20c; qt.	33c
Morning Milk, tall cans, 4 for	25c
Briardale Tuna, No. ½'s	19c
Westlake Brooms	66c
Westlake Corn, No. 2's	11c
French's Bird Seeds, 10-oz., 2 for	23c
Full Value Toilet Tissue, 3 for	10c
Holsum Dog Food, 4 cans	19c

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"EDISON THE MAN"
Also
JONES FAMILY in
"ON YOUR OWN"

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, July 7-8-9
CARY GRANT — IRENE DUNNE in
"MY FAVORITE WIFE"
And
JOHN GARFIELD in
"SATURDAY'S CHILDREN"

Wednesday —— 2 Good Pictures, 25c —— Prize Night